THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LX. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1910 50

PACIFIC
Theological

THE SECRET.

"The gateway to the Land of Dreams
Is often dark and low,
Yet past that magic entrance lives
Earth's golden Long Ago.

"The Dream and Wonder is denied
To us grown overwise,
Unless we wait as children wait
And stand with childish eyes,

"And watch some singing Fairy walk
Our Valleys of Regret,
And learn that Youth knows many things
The crabbed years forget!"

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

GROWTH OF PACIFIC COAST CITIES AND STATES.

Pasadena has the honor of leading the Pacific Coast cities in percentage of increase in population between 1900 and 1910—232.2 per cent. Los Angeles comes next with 211.5. Berkeley follows with 206. Next is Seattle with 194. Portland's percentage of increase was 129.2; San Diego's 123.6; Tacoma's 120; Spokane's 183.3; Oakland's 125.

In numbers Pasadena advanced from 9,117 to 30,578; Los Angeles from 102,479 to 319,198; Berkeley from 13,214 to 40,434; Seattle from 80,671 to 237,197; Portland from 90,426 to 207,214; San Diego from 17,700 to 39,578; Spokane from 36,848 to 104,402; Oakland from 66,960 to 150,454.

San Francisco during the ten years, notwithstanding the great disaster in 1906, added to her population 74,525, advancing from 342,387 in 1900 to 416,912 in 1910.

Of the Pacific Coast States, Washington had the highest percentage of growth, 120.4. For California it was 60.1 California led in numbers, adding 892,496, while Washington added 623,887.

The California population advanced from 1,485,053 in 1900 to 2,377,549.

In Washington the advance was from 518,103 to 1,141,990.

Oregon advanced from 413,536 in 1900 to 672,565 in 1910—an increase of 259,229, or 62.7 .

Idaho's advance was from 161,772 to 325,594, an increase of 163,822, or 101.3 per cent.

Arizona had in 1900 a population of 122,931. During the ten years it added 81,423, making the figures for 1910 stand as 204,354. The percentage of increase was 66.2.

In 1900 Nevada had 42,335. In 1910 it was 81,875—the gain in numbers wes 39,540, the percentage 93.4.

In 1900 Alaska had 63,592; in 1910 it was 64,356. the gain in numbers was 764; the percentage was 1.2.

In 1900 Hawaii had 154,001; in 1910 it was 191,909. The increase in number was 31, 540; the percentage was 98.4.

It is worthy of note that only two states had a greater increase in population than California—New York and Pennsylvania.

The increase in New York was 1,844,720; in Pennsylvania it was 1,362,996; in California it was 892,496.

Oklahoma followed close on California with 866,764. Texas was close to Oklahoma, having 847,832. Illinois ranks next in increase in numbers with 817,041. Ohio was among the states having considerable of an increase, the figures being 609,576.

It is worthy of note also that according to census figures given out up to date only four cities had a higher percentage of increase than was had by several cities on the Pacific Coast. Oklahoma City led the cities of the country with a percentage of 539.7. Muskogee came next with 494.2; Birmingham, Alabama, was third, with 245.4; Pasadena was fourth, with 232.2. Los Angeles, Berkeley Spokane and Seattle followed in the order named.

So far as we have observed, Huntington, West Virginia, is next in rank with 161.

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF THE POSTOFFICE.

The movement for the closing of the postoffice on Sunday in Berkeley is one which ought to succeed. About twelve hundred people visited the office last Sunday, most of them to get mail which could have waited for them until Monday without any damage whatever to themselves or to any one else. The keeping of the office open for one hour on Sundays means many hours work on the part of the carriers and others, who must sort the mail just as they sort it on other days.

It is noticeable that the persons making necessary the Sunday work are largely church-going people. To accommodate them the office is open from 12 to 1 o'clock and after the church services they flock there in large numbers.

In an ancient epistle we find words applicable here: "My Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

It is to be hoped that every church member in Berkeley will sign a petition, asking that the postoffice be kept closed on Sundays.

What we mean by "closed" is that there be no delivery of mail on that day. Of course the mails will have to be sent out and received, and to some extent handled. But as little Sunday work as possible should be the watchword.

Postal employees in different parts of the country are beginning to protest against the selfish demand on the part of the public that they work seven days in the week, and we hope such a sentiment will be built up as will result in the closing of all the offices.

Such a movement ought to have, without exception, the support of the churches and of the labor organizations..

If one good reason can be advanced for the keeping open of the postoffices on Sunday, we have failed to hear it or to see it.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found an item by Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society concerning the great demands which are being made on that society. There is none of the Congregational benevolent societies which serve the denomination in better ways than the Church Building Society. It is worthy genereous support. Every church asking for aid in building ought to be aided very soon, but the funds must come from the people. The society votes no appropriation until the money is in its treasury.

A missionary in the Philippines says that there has

been much improvement in Roman Catholicism since Protestant work was begun there. "Many superstitious practices that were once winked at would not be tolerated now. Some priests the even trying to inaugurate better methods of living. The poor people are not oppressed as they once were. Money is not extorted as it once was." In many of the local churches a "centro Catolico" is being organized of laymen—a sort of imitation of the Protestant church brotherhood.

Yale College graduates to the number of 15,958 are scattered throughout the world. The North Altlantic states contain two-thirds of the alumni now living. New York leads all cities with 2454 graduates. Among other cities largely reperesented are Chicago 598, Washington 265, Boston 232, Pittsburg 212 and Cleveland 208. Three thousand and six hundred graduates are practising law. Education, engineering, manufacturing, medicine, ministry, mercantile and finance are each the life work of about 1400 Yale graduates. Agriculture has 310 devotees and science 184.

The seat of the greatest trust on earth is the Vatican. There is no longer a Church of Rome. Surviving and succeeding it is the sect of Vaticanists. This sect has the Pope for nominal head. Its actual leadership rests with a small coterie of cardinals controlling the Pope. In the reign of Pope Pius IX., the leader of this controlling body of cardinals was the infamous Antonelli. Pledged by the unholy law of celibacy not to marry, nevertheless he left several children, some of whom had courage to demand, from Italian courts of justic, due share in the fortune left at his death. Modern history is replete with the schemes and machinations of this unworthy man. Exercising complete control over the good-natured, but narrow-minded and prejudiced Pius IX., Antonelli disturbed all Europe. He it was who caused the Pope to issue, in 1866, the famous summary of modern errors, the Syllabus which set the Papacy irreconcilably against all forms of modern progress. He caused the Pope to declare null and void the laws of various Catholic states. Never, in fact, did Hildebrand, the grasping and ambitious Roman pontiff of mediaeval times, assert or exercise claims more monstrous.

Speaking recently on "The Ministry of Prayer," the Rev. Dr. Jowett of London said that one afternoon spent in visiting the sick and the troubled took more out of him than the making of three sermons. There were some kinds of toil that could not be done without vital expediture, and there were some kinds of toil that absolutely necessitated prayer. There was nothing so restoring as the ministry of prayer. The philosophy of prayer was this: There was nothing so destructive of little things as a big prayer. They simply could not retain little purposes, little outlooks, little visions if they profoundly and sincerely engaged in the privileged ministry of intercession and prayer. Prayer was the gracious means by which the will and desire of man became attuned to the will and purpose of God. If Jesus Christ was right when He prayed, they were terribly wrong if thy had ceased to pray. To cease to pray was to wall up the windows, to close the ventilators, and to immune the soul in an atmosphere uterly devoid of inspiration. To pray was to open the windows and the doors of the soul to the incoming of the vital energies of God, and to become filled with the fullness of His grace.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of $12 a week, darling?" he asked after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," said she; "but what will you do?"—Leader.

"THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE."

A New Book by Ex-President Eliot of Harvard.

The subject of a lecture given to the students at Harvard in 1905 forms the title of this volume, and the lecture is the first article in the book. This is followed by one on "The Happy Life." Then come "John Gilley—Maine Farmer and Fisherman"; "Great Riches"; and "The Religion of the Future."

In the article on "The Happy Life," Dr. Eliot says that trying to enumerate the positive satisfactions which an average man may reasonably expect to enjoy in this world, he of course takes "no account of those too common objects of human pursuit,—wealth, power and fame,—first, because they do not as a rule contribute to happiness; and, secondly, because they are unattainable by mankind in general." He accordingly considers only those means of happiness which the humble and obscure millions may possess.

After considering satisfactions of sense, Dr. Eliot turns to "Pleasure in Bodily Exertion" and says in that connection: "There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles and hardships. When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labor. Every workingman who is worth his salt (I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone) takes satisfaction, first, in the working, secondly in the product of his work, and thirdliy in what the product yields to him. The carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm laborer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs, is a monstrosity." Considering the objections to many forms of intellectual labor—that their immediate product is intangible and often imperceptible, eluding measurement and even observation, Dr. Eliot says: "On the other hand mental labor is more enjoyable than manual labor in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing rather than in the result of the doing." And so, the conclusion is: "There is life-long and solid satsifaction in any productive labor, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength. The difference between the various occupations of men in respect to yielding this satisfaction is much less than people suppose."

To any who may be inclined to complain of the routine and monotony of their work we commend this sentence from the author who wrote while president of Harvard: "My occupation, for instance, offers, I believe, more variety than that of most professional men; yet I should say that nine-tenths of my work from day to day was routine work, presenting no more novelty or fresh interest to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith who is always making new things on old types, presents to him." And thus are we led to the concluding words as to work: "It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth livnig; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers."

We are glad that Dr. Eliot has written about "John Gilley." It is pleasant to learn so much about such a man. But who was John Gilley? Simply a common Maine farmer and fisherman. And the things which the author presents are only such as have happened in the lives of

millions of people. Why, then, does he write concerning John Gilley? Because, "in estimating the aggregate well-being and happiness of a community or a nation it is obviously the condition of the obscure millions who are to be absolutely forgotten that it is most important to see and weigh aright." "Yet history and biography," says Dr. Eliot, alike neglect these humble, speechless multitudes and modern fiction finds it profitable to depict the most squalid and vicious sides of the life of these millions rather than the best and the commonest."

And what a picture of life we have here! Many of the readers of The Pacific will see it again as they saw it in childhood days. "For clothing the family depended mostly on wool from their own sheep. They used very little cotton. There were spinning wheels and looms in the house, and the mother both spun and wove. Flax they raised on the island, and from it made a coarse kind of linen, chiefly for towels. They did, however, buy a cotton warp and filled it with wool, thus making a comfortable sort of sheet for winter use or light blankets for summer. The wool of at least fifty sheep was used every year in the household when the family had grown large. The children all went barefoot the greater part of the year, but in the winter they wore shoes or boots, the eldest brother having learned enough of the shoemaker's art to keep the family supplied with footwear in winter. At that time there were no such things as rubber boots, and the family did not expect to have dry feet."

We are told that in the fall of the year, when the flock of sheep was sorted, that the family killed from ten to fifteen, and that they salted what they could not use fresh, and later when the weather turned cold that they killed a "beef-critter," a part of which was salted and a part kept frozen through the winter to be used fresh.

Across the years of this common-place life the author leads the reader in an interesting manner and says in conclusion: "This is the life of one of the forgotten millions. It contains no material for distinction, fame, or long remembrance; but it does contain the material and present the scene for a normal human development through mingled joy and sorrow, labor and rest, adversity and success, and through the tender loves of childhood, maturity and age. We cannot but believe that it is just for countless quiet, simple lives like this that God made and upholds this earth."

In his article on "Great Riches," Dr. Eliot considers briefly some of the advantages and disadvantages which great modern riches bring the owner and the community. As to comforts he says: "A twelve dollar chair may be just as comfortable as a fifty-dollar chair. There is pleasure in living in a palace, but when its inmates want to be comfortable they get into the small rooms—into the boudoir, or the little writing room, or the low-studded small parlor. A soft bed is for many persons not so comfortbale as a hard one. In short, adequate warmth and light, appropriate clothing, good bedding, good plumbing, and nice chairs, tables and household fittings sufficient to ensure bodily comfort are easily within the reach of all well-to-do persons; and great riches can do no more for their possessor in way of comfort."

After pointing out some of the desirable things of life which the rich man can get for himself and family which the poor man or the man of moderate means cannot procure at all, Dr. Eliot proceeds to show that after all, "all thinking men and women get the main satisfaction of life, aside from the domestic joys, out of the productive work they do."

In considering very rich people in their relation to the community the conclusion is that "like most other things and forces in this world, they are a mixed product, and may work either good or evil for their neighborhood and their nation."

Here is a choice, expressive paragraph: "We despise and abhor the coarse, ostentatious, selfish, unjust millionaire, while we admire and respect the refined, generous and just rich man, be his millions few or many, be his benefactions direct through gifts to hospitals, churches and colleges, or indirect through the improvement of the industries which maintain and extend civilization or the beautificaton of the common life."

"The most satisfactory thing in all this earthly life," says Dr. Eliot in one part of his book, "is to be able to serve our fellow-beings—first, those who are bound to us by ties of love, then the wider circle of fellow-townsmen, fellow countrymen, or fellow-man. To be of service is a solid foundation for contentment in this world. For our present purpose it does not matter here we got these ideas about our own better nature and its best satisfaction; it is enough that our generation, as a matter of fact, has the ideas, and is ruled by them."

The amount of the service, he says, is no measure of the satisfaction or happiness which he who renders the service derives from it. "One man founds an academy or hospital; another sends one boy to be educated at the academy, or one sick man to be treated at the hospital. The second is the smaller service, but may yield the greater satisfaction. Sir Samuel Romilly attacked the monstrous English laws which affixed the death penalty to a large number of petty offences against property, like poaching, sheep-stealing and pocket-picking. In the dawn of a February morning, when the wind was blowing a gale and the thermometer was below zero, Captain Smith, of the Cuttyhunk Lighthouse took three men off a wreck which the heavy sea was fast pounding to pieces on a reef close below the light. Sir Samuel Romilly's labors ultimately did an amount of good quite beyond computation: but he lived to see accomplished only a small part of the beneficent changes he had advocated. The chances are that Captain Smith got more satisfaction for the rest of his life out of that rescue, done in an hour, than Sir Samuel out of his years of labor for a much-needed reform in the English penal code. There was another person who took satisfaction in that rescue ever after, and was entitled to When day dawned on that wintry morning, Captain Smith's wife, who had been listening restlessly to the roar of the sea and wind, could lie still no longer. She got up and looked out of the window. To her horror there was a small schooner on the reef in plain sight, one mast fallen over the side, and three men lashed to the other mast. Her husband was still fast asleep. Must she rouse him? If she did, she knew he would go out there in that furious sea and freezing wind. If she waited only a little while, the men would be dead, and it would be of no use to go. Should she speak to him? She did. Oh, it is not the amount of good done which measures the love or heroism which prompted the serviceable dead, or the happiness which the doer gets from it! It is the spirit of service which creates both the merit and the satisfaction."

The book has as its closing article the address on "The Religion of the Future," given last year by Dr. Eliot at a Summer School of Theology.

We enter into no review of that here, but merely quote one paragraph which links it with what we have been giving as to the Durable Satisfactions of Life. In describing, in one portion of the address, the consolations which the religion of the future, as he thinks it will be, can offer for human woes and evils, its chief motives are set forth. The author says in that connection:

"They are just those which Jesus said summed up all the commandments, love toward God and brotherliness to man. It will teach a universal good-will, under the influence of which men will do their duty, and at the same time, promote their own happiness. The devotees of a religion of service will always be asking what they can contribute to the common good; but their greatest service must always be to increase the stock of good-will among men. One of the worst of chronic human evils is working for daily bread without any interest in the work, and with ill-will toward the institution or person that provides the work. The work of the world must be done; and the great question is shall it be done happily or unhappily. Much of it is today done unnappily. The new religion will contribute powerfully toward the reduction of this mass of unnecessary misery, and will do so chiefly by promoting good-will among men.

"A paganized Hebrew-Christianity has unquestionably made much of personal sacrifice as a religious duty. The new religion will greatly qualify the supposed duty of sacrifice, and will regard all sacrifice as unnecessary and injurious, except those which love dictates and justifies. 'Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Self-sacrifice is not a good or a merit in itself; it must be intelligent and loving to be meritorious, and the object in view must be worthy its price. Giving up attractive pleasures or labors in favor of some higher satisfaction, or some engrossing work, is not self-sacrifice. It is a renunciation of inferior or irrelevant objects in favor of one superior object; it is only the intelligent inhibition of whatever detracts from the main pursuit, or the worthiest task. Here again, the new religion will teach that happiness goes with dutifulness even in this world."

This interesting volume is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York; net price, $1.00; by mail, $1.10.

"THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY."

W. N. Burr.

"We must hold the dignity, the privilege, and the opportunity of the ministry before the very brightest and best of our young men until more of them shall be willing to put their lives into this work," said a good man to me the other day. We were on the train, bound for our monthly Minister's Meeting. This man is in close touch with a host of "our brightest and best" young men, and is watching with keen interest the tendencies of these young fellows as they look forward and plan for the investment of their life forces.

"Would you again deliberately choose the ministry for your life-work?" asked a brother minister a few months ago. I shall not record my answer here, but I knew why the question was asked. The man was pulling hard against an adverse current.

"God has a definite life plan for every human person," says Horace Bushnell, "girding him, visibly or invisibly, for some exact thing, whcih it will be the true significance and glory of his life to have accomplished."

Something of all this was burning in my mind as we went into the ministers' meeting last Monday morning.

The speaker this month was Rev. I. Curtiss Meserve, pastor of the new Oneonta Church of the Neighborhood, South Pasadena. His theme was "Reminiscences." "Perhaps," thought I, "a man who can look back over forty years of active service in the ministry may throw some light along the way for the guidance of young men whose life-work lies before them."

Dr. Meserve was born and bred in Congregationalism, steeped in it in the Boston teapot. Oh, the delight of it, to listen to a man who speaks the vernacular of one's own ism! Imagine the joy of a company of Drumtochty men coming face to face out in the big world somewhere on foreign soil. Now, all that is worth while in life was not generated in Drumtochty, but the men of the Glen have a fellowship all their own and they have a fellowship all their own, and they have a right to it; and so men of the Congregational temper and training have their own sacred traditions and thought-habits, even those of us who have never seen Boston in all our lives, but who are to the **manner** born, though not born in or or near the **manor.** It was something like living one's own life over again to listen to Dr. Meserve's review of his forty years in the ministry—not that many of us have been at the forefront of Congregational service as he has been, but some of us have lived there without being there. "A man's real home is not where his body is, but where his thought abides," says Dr. J. C. Jowett. Plymouth Rock, Boston, Brook Farm, Margaret Fuller—a host of words came tumbling from Dr. Meserve's lips that we Western Congregationalists were wont to conjure by. For "Brook Farm," "Transcendentalism," all sorts of things, were in the air about the time that Dr. Meserve was born that hovered like strange birds about the Congregationalism of that day, and that somehow soared into our consciousness in response to our New England sense of things, which may have been a matter of inheritance.

The Doctor was converted in Boston. "And mine was not a Methodist conversion," he remarked, "but a regular Congregational conversion. I had vivid experiences, boy that I was, sound, orthodox experiences; for when I asked for church membership I was examined privately by our pastor and the church committee, and they seemed to be satisfied with my experience. And my pastor was a man who would never exchange pulpit with any but his avowedly orthodox brethren, and he made careful selection among them."

There was the story of preparation days in Hartford Theological Seminary, and then followed what Ruskin calls "sketches of effort and incident" in active ministerial service.

A little country parish in Connecticut was the scene of the first labors. Ah, it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth, even to be yoked up with people who have opinions but no horizon. It puts him in check, and subdues his tendency to self-confidence, and makes a good, steady, plodding ox of him. It "breaks" him; and no ox or horse or minister is good for much until he has first been "broken." Dr. Meserve did not say all that, but some of his experiences in that first parish justify the statements. He did not stay there long. Thirty years later he was invited to a second pastorate in that same parish, which he did not accept.

From the country church in Connecticut he was called to Brooklyn. There is but one Brooklyn, and he went to it when the times were lively there, religiously or irreligiously, as one may please to put it. It was the day of Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton, and Uncle John Vassar, and T. De Witt Talmage, and some other folks. Dr. Richard Storrs had some things to say just about that time, too, as well as later.

Here Dr. Meserve spent three years in close touch with these historic men, and then he went to New Haven, where twenty-five years of his life were spent, twenty-two as the pastor of one church, which has since died, its constituency crowded out by a tide of incoming Italian immigrants.

Then on to London. "Everything comes to London," said Dr. Meserve, "even a perfect summer. That is a rare visitor, but one came along one year while I was there, finer, even, than the past summer in Southern California, for no day was so hot as were some of the days here last July, August and September."

Strong ties bound the American pastor and his English church. Among his people were two members of Parliament, one of these being Sir Albert Spicer.

Driven back to America by ill-health in his family, Dr. Meserve came to San Francisco, where he has given seven years of his life to Plymouth church; and now, after forty-one years of service, he is leading a new church in South Pasadena through its first experiences.

"It was a common remark of a good deacon in one of my churches," said he, "that we must have a heaven to go to heaven in. We feel, as we come to our later years and find ourselves settling down in Southern California, that we have reached a heaven indeed to go to heaven in. We are happy to be still at work, and find our deepest joy in the spirit that rests in the hollow of God's hand."

Is it worth while life, the life of the Christian minister? Dr. Meserve told us very little of the deeper thought and service of his life-work, but we have no doubt that during all these years he has been having close dealings with God, and leading others in the way of spiritual uplift and power. His has been a worth-while life, and it has all been given to the work of the Christian minister.

Why are not more of "our brightest and best young men," listening for God's call to this work? Has the writer in the December "Atlantic" touched the heart of the matter in the following paragraph?:

"No physician or lawyer could hope for success who made his study of medicine or law a side issue nor can a minister be a spiritual leader save as he gives himself wholly to the things of God. It is the recognition of this forced division of attention which is, I believe, a prevailing cause, if not the chief cause, of the falling-off in candidates for the ministry. The young man of moral earnestness, casting about for a life-work where he can render the most effective service, turns from the ministry because the work demanded of him there involves a division of purpose and effort which invites failure. He may believe in the value of Boys' Clubs and Friendly Societies, of afternoon calls and church suppers, of playing billiards to the glory of God, and finding church work for everybody—he probably does believe in these things, for they have real value. But he is eager for spiritual leadership. He has fitted himself by long years of study to do the work of a thinking man. He turns from the ministry because he knows that he will be required to do all these other things for which he is not fitted. Moreover, a demand creates a supply, and the ministry is being filled more and more with men who are fitted for the church's social work, but who, alas, are not prophets with a message born of long and intimate communion with God. There are in the church today true spiritual leaders. But what the average minister shall be, a man of affairs or a man of God, depends upon what is demanded of him by the congregation whoch he serves; and the training of the minister will also be determined by his conception of the work he will be required to do. It is for the church to choose whether she will be guided by prophets or by engineers."

La Canada, California.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

The Best Yet.

I mean it. I feel it. Do you think He who sent the angelic chorus to greet the Christ child would let this Christmas go adown grade from the nineteen hundred and nine which have preceded it? It would not be like our God who hath promised that Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Earthly parents do not disappoint those as dear to them as their own life. These superb sunny days which have made us break our promises not to talk so much about our wonderful climate have dried the Christmas berries so they will not be as big and highly colored as last year unless the gentle rain which is falling now shall break with a great downpour. But berries are only one little part of our blessed holidays. They go out after a week with the dismantled trees but the love flavor which made Christmas glorious, abides. I never had so rich a Christmas as the last. You never had. The world never had. But this will be better. It is a riper world. Do not think the country has gone to the bad because some millions of our countrymen have been greatly puzzled how to vote and finally, in some parts of the land, outvoted you and those who thought as you did. Not since Lincoln's day have men given such attention to the country and its flag as this year. The unbinding of the slave and the binding of the nation was preceded by just such a time as our late electoral campaign. Abraham Lincoln had three presidential candidates in the field opposing him—not only in the Chicago convention which nominated him, but the chosen and accepted candidates of organized and platformed parties.

The great stores begin their window displays earlier than ever and roof the exhibition windows with glass that they may double their attractiveness. The Volunteers of America will be out with corresponding activity to get up the best dinner ever given to their needy friends. How the Hallelujah lassies smile when you drop two bits with a kind word for their chilly work as the warm-hearted women stand by the ornamented charity boxes which guarantee royal Christmas dinner for the poor. The epigramatic urgency "come early that the shop girls may not be crushed by the late crowd" is not pure selfishness. It is in many quarters a genuine sign of consideration for humanity, as truly as the new notices we read "Such a villain was given seven years in prison for complicity in the White Slave traffic." That is a new twentieth century item. If you had rather dwell on some sad case where the law stepped in too late you can find it and prove the happiest Christmas spirit has not got hold of you yet. I could wear out my pencil with more proofs but this acorn ought to drop now.

Holiday Greetings.

A dear friend who lives on Puget Sound sent this message for my morning mail: "I want to see some more acorns from Three Oaks. I look every week for them."

A glad Christmas to you, dear friend. May the church you stand by stand by you. My heart was warm toward the dear old paper long before day-break and your welcome letter clinched the feeling into purpose. A glad

holiday to many friends up and down this Coast in whose dear homes I was a guest in the happy days when I represented our church building society. Greeting to dear Mayflower church, for whose beautiful building I rejoice with great joy, and without envy that it is larger and fairer than the useful edifice we struggeld together to build during the hard times of ninety one and two. A joyful Christmas to the joyous. I'm glad to write it early, "to catch you first!" Your faces shine before me—you comrades whose salmon I grabbed for you in Monterey Bay when I couldn't land one fish for myself. Good luck to you, young hunters, who led me by the silvery Coquille in Oregon, who helped me pack proudly home the handsomest buck, the last one which ever fell to my rifle. You put that mountain lion skin on my floor. Thank you, Fowler and I treed him but you got him. Blessings on you, little lassie, who pulled out of Klamath Lake a trout three times as big as mine. I do not doubt Supt. Harrison, who helped you, smiles this Christmas time as he remembers it. We who made that great drive to Crater Lake and honestly supposed we were the first to put trout in its deep, cold waters—we can smile these holidays thinking we helped to make great angling possible in that wonderful place.

Dear Oakland First Church, God will send you some good minister, a worthy successor of your splendid Trinity of pastors. He who sent you sainted Dr. Mooar, the royal McLean and the brilliant Brown has the form of the "fourth" in His infinite eye.

Friends who yet mourn are not shut out from the Christmas joy. Your heavenly friends are not made happier by your refusing to be comforted. "Their angels do always behold the face of our Father." If President Harriman of the Southern Pacific and the president of the Wells-Fargo Nevada National bank could stop business talk long enough in New York to comfort each other by claiming that their dear ones are near them and interested in their doing, we surely can and ought. Do not keep drear silence about the angelic guests. Do not turn their faces to the wall nor hang them in dark closets. Have faith for the best and most Christian Christmas you have ever known because you are nearer than ever to the Christmas whcih shall never end.

A Christmas Release.

I hasten to write it. Giving and plum pudding are not all of Christmas. Consideration, tenderness, thoughtfulness, kindness, love, make the satisfying Christmas atmosphere. Here we can all be rich as Croesus. Whoever can command a pack of postals and a pen can make twenty-five people happy. Try it. Put your heart in your greetings. I'd rather have a brown penny postal, traced with the burned end of a match or a charred coal from a jolly camp fire than the best engraved billet Shreve & Co., can make which has not some scratch of loving personality. If print is all that is inside my heart will warm most at some dear, familiar handwriting on the envelope. From the gift that is the outcome of a long, hard trip to some tiresome bazaar I sign a life-long release for every friend of mine. Haunt no shop windows for me with the sadly strenuous thought, "I must give him something; what shall it be?." One of Uncle Sam's white post cards will hold what might bless you to write and would surely bless me to receive. A reminiscence of bright, by-gone days. A bright story, though culled from a last year's almanac. A tract that is deeply religious, without being goody-goody. A modest little poem I may have overlooked which has a bit of soul to it. Please do not send me the automobile you are tired of for I could not afford to run it and have no mechanical skill to mend it. Nor would I be tempted to turn noble horses over to men who could not love them as I do. If the friends who prize the crisp Christian comments of the Pacific editor as I do find a fraction of the gladness in these acorns that I do in dropping them our Christmas is well begun. Hail, day of days when He came, our divinely joyful Elder Brother!

SOME PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

By Albert W. Palmer.

Natural Law in the Spiritual World.

"There is also a Spiritual Body." 1 Corinthians, 15:44.

Twenty-five years ago Henry Drummond wrote "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Under the teaching of Darwin and his co-workers the world had just awakened to the mighty laws according to which organic evolution worked. Drummond's book sought to prove that these same laws governed the spritual side of life as well as the biological—that the laws of biogenesis, of growth, of degeneration, of parasitism were as true of the soul as of the body.

Brilliant as the book was, it was mistaken. We know now that, while there are close analogies, the laws of the spiritual world and the natural world are not the same.

And yet, fundamentally, the book was right. The essential thing is not that the laws of the natural and spiritual world are the same—that is secondary. The important thing is to realize that the spiritual world has its laws just as scientific, just as imperative as the natural world. We can no more break them than we can break any other laws of the universe. As someone has said: "We can only break ourselves against them!"

What these spiritual laws are modern psychology is making very plain. There is a law of auto-suggestion—"as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There is a law of love, rather than hate, by which we broaden and sweeten life. There is a law of self-control without observance of which no progress toward strong and efficient manhood is possible. And there is a law of prayer by which we open our little lives to the indwelling of the Divine Spirit even as the bay receives through the Golden Gate the salt and surging tides from the great ocean beyond.

An Index to Character.

Luke 12:34—"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

You can get a pretty good line on a man's character by the objects on which he spends his money. Men generally believe in the things in which they are willing to invest money. Money is concentrated power and the way in which a man uses power of any form that is entrusted to him is a surer revelation of his inmost character than the words he says or the opinions men hold concerning him.

Possibly it would be a startling revelation of ourselves to each one of us if we were to take pencil and paper and figure out the objects on which we have expended that portion of power in the form of money which has been ours. How much have we spent, for example, on elaborate clothing, on hats, ribbons, neckties, to clothe our body, and how much over against that, have we spent on music

to clothe our soul? How much have we spent on candy, ice cream and big dinners to feed our body, and how much on books to feed the soul? How much has floated away on the froth of vaudeville and musical comedy, and, on the other hand, how much has gone to hear The Music Master, The Servant in the House, Salvation Nell or King Lear? How much money has been squandered in a dozen ways, and, over against it, how much have we invested in religion for the culture of the noblest aspirations of life, and how much in the helping on of noble works of charity and philanthropy?

Do we really believe in immortality? Do we remember those searching words which came to the short-sighted rich man in Jesus' parable, "This night is thy soul required of thee"? How much money are we investing in deepening and enriching our immortal souls against that day? Does the way we spend our money indicate that we believe very strongly in the eternal destiny of the human personalities we are building up here day by day?

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE TERCENTENARY OF THE KING JAMES VERSION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The American Bible Society recognizes the importance of this event as world-wide. The amazing extension of the English language throughout the world has given to the English Bible not only a universal religious significance, but an immeasurable influence upon the ideals and life of the people of the earth.

It believes that this historic event should be recognized not only in the churches of the land, but in its schools, and universities, and legislatures, and courts.

It, therefore, would bring this Tercentenary to the attention of:

1. The Ministers of this country, requesting them in their proper ecclesiastical organizations, Assemblies, Conferences, Conventions, Synods, etc., and in their churches and congregations, to plan for public exercises in which the story of the English Bible and its influence upon human life shall be fittingly set forth. In many communities this may be best accomplished by united public services.

2. All Sunday-school Superintendents, advising them of the importance of celebrating appropriately in their schools this Tercentenary.

3. All other Religious Organizations whose work is based upon the Bible.

4. The Presidents of universities and colleges, and heads of schools throughout the country, suggesting the propriety of public exercises informing the student body of the value of the English Bible as a force in the education and culture of the people.

5. The Heads of the Federal Government and the Governors of the different States, suggesting the appropriateness of some public recognition of the relation of the English Bible to the foundation and development of our free institutions.

6. The Judiciary and the Bar, requesting such co-operation as may be appropriate in recognition of the relation of the Bible to the laws of the land.

7. The Editors of newspapers, magazines and periodicals, inviting their co-operation in extending as widely as possible the knowledge of the celebration, and its significance.

Time of Celebration.

Inasmuch as the time of the publication of the King James Version in the year 1611 is unknown, the American Bible Society cannot fix any date when it is most fitting that these celebrations should take place, but in order that the celebrations may attain general and national significance, the Society would recommend that they be held as far as practicable on Sunday, April 23, 1911, the first Sunday after Easter, and throughout the week following.

Appropriate Themes.

The following themes are suggested as suitable for consideration in connection with the celebrations of this Tercentenary:

1. The Story of the Growth of the English Bible from the first translations into English to the King James Version.

2. The Later Revisions and Translations into English, the Revision of 1881-1885, and the American Standard Revision of 1901, the Twentieth Century Testament, and the American Reader's Bible, etc.

3. The Influence of the English Bible on the English Language.

4. The Influence of the English Bible on English Literature.

5. The English Bible and the Life of the People. Its influence on customs, laws, government, and social life.

6. The King James Version as Related to other great Versions, Ancient and Modern.

7. The Peculiar Place as a Factor in the Spiritual Life of the English-speaking people.

9. The English Bible and Civil Liberty.

The Society will furnish the above recommendations, together with lists of the most important books and literature bearing on the subject, and such suggestive programs as will help to the proper observance of this celebration.

Auxiliary Societies and Agencies of the American Bible Society are requested to co-operate with the officers of the National Society in arranging so far as practicable suitable celebrations of this Tercentenary.

A large committee of distinguished persons will be convened to act as early a date as practicable in connection with a meeting in New York City to be held in recognition of this event.

Address communications to the Secretaries of the American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

GENERAL HOWARD'S RELIGIOUS WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The son of the late General O. O. Howard contributed to the Advance a few weeks ago a sketch of the religious life of the General. After telling of his life in the East he says:

"Our next station in 1874 was Portland, Oregon, where my father and mother became members of the First Congregational Church under Dr. Cruzan as pastor. My father soon formed a Bible class, as was always his custom, and my mother gave such time to the church work as the duties of a large family allowed. I remember the pleasure of the little plays and tableaux in which we took part under her direction. The oddity of wearing my little nightdress over my clothes and carrying a candle, still remains with me; and the wonderment on perceiving the audience when I, at the age of six, suddenly appeared as the new year on the retirement of Father Time, is a vivid recollection of those happy days. But I shuddered when Queen Mary was about to have her head cut off, as the curtain fell in the Sunday School room of that little wooden church now replaced by the handsome stone structure on the park.

"The Indian wars soon followed, anxious days for older people, but only full of returns of our father, brown and hearty, from the unknown upper country, bringing joy and comfort to our youthful hearts.

"At this time we moved to Vancouver where we attended the Episcopal church in that town. I remember my father bought a lot of prayer books so that we might each have one. He always enjoyed the beauty of the Episcopal service, but we children enjoyed most the Sunday-school he and his officers organized and, with the assistance of some of the ladies of the garrison, taught in a room over the old guard house at that post."

In 1881 General Howard was called to be superintendent at West Point. Two years later he was transferred to Omaha, and later to San Francisco. After telling of his church work in Omaha, the son says:

"The next church which received great assistance from my father was the First Congregational at San Francisco when he and its pastor, Dr. Barrows, went out together and raised the thousands that paid off its entire debt. He here, too, conducted a large adult Bible class, driving in from his home at Fort Mason for morning service and Sunday-school every Sunday that he was at home."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Thirteen persons were received into fellowship last Sunday, five on confession.

San Francisco, Mission.—The Mission Congregational Church hopes to hold services in the new edifice on Christmas Sunday.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Congregations have increased considerably the last few weeks due to a great extent to the work of parish visitors.

Sonoma.—Closing a pastorate of over three years, Rev. W. C. Day will preach his farewell sermon on Christmas Day, after which he will remove with his family to Santa Rosa. Last Sunday th pulpit was occupied by Rev. Benj. Gould of Fresno.

San Leandro.—A service in memory of Mr. Crane, a long time resident of the community, and a beloved member of the church was held last Sunday. Mr. Crane's death is a great loss to all the best interests. The Rev. N. C. Gause, of Mayflower Church, San Francisco, at one time in charge of the work at San Leandro was present and assisted Mr. Bissell, the pastor, in the memorial service.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The house of worship in its new location, is now ready for use and rededication services will be held next Sunday at 3 p. m. The dedicatory sermon will be given by Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society. Superintendent Rathbone will give an address as will also Dr. Bovard, editor of the California Christian Advocate, and Rev. Mr. Eakin, of St. John's Presbyterian church. Pastors of other Congregational churches will be present and will assist in the services.

Grass Valley.—The church at Grass Valley, of which Rev. Ben. F. Sargent is acting pastor, reports improvement in audiences and hopefulness. The Sunday School last month recorded 141, and the reorganized Christian Endeavor is doing fine work. The ladies Xmas bazaar netted $290. Stone steps to the church have recently been paid for. To the honor of the contractor, be it said, that when the work presented unexpected difficulties, rather than cheapen the concrete, he suffered a large monetary loss without complaint.

San Francisco, Bethany.—The Christmas song service by a chorus of thirty-five voices will be a treat to lovers of music next Sunday evening. The program promises several selections of classic music.

" 'Tis music hath the magic power
To lift the soul, the darkest hour."

The people of Bethany are rejoicing at the decision of the pastor and his wife to remain permanently. Although a more lucrative field was offered, Mr. Briggs preferred to abide with the people who had become endeared to him. He is truly pastor as well as preacher, and not one person was willing to sever the tie so pleasantly and profitably existing between pastor and people.

Oakland First.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. C. L. Kloss, who was introduced to a large congregation in the morning by Rev. L. L. Wirt, the assistant pastor. In conducting the opening part of the services Mr. Wirt spoke in a fitting manner and with well-chosen words of his desire to be to the people of the First Church congregation all that it is possible for him to be in this period of "interregnum." A telegram which Mr. Brown had sent to Dr. Kloss from North Platte, Nebraska, giving most cordial greeting, was read by Mr. Wirt. Dr. Kloss gave a very interesting and inspiring sermon on "The Law of Sacrifice." The thought was: The law of sacrifice is the central law of the universe. Nothing exists for itself. The sun is burning itself up to tint the apple and the rose, and gradually this old world is coming to see that there is no social panacea except in obedience to this great law. Every man who understands the law of sacrifice will be a worker and will give more than he gets.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

Seattle, Prospect.—The church building has been remodeled and the salary of the pastor, R. S. Osgood, increased.

Irondale.—The ladies of the Congregational church conducted a highly successful bazaar in the dining hall of the White Hotel on a recent Thursday evening and as a result have added eighty dollars to their treasury.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—The reports at the recent annual meeting showed a membership of 446, names to the number of 46 having been added the past year. The expenditures for home expenses were $12,131. Contributions for benevolences amounted to $11,600. This is an average for home expenses and benevolences of more than fifty dollars a member.

WHAT OUR SEATTLE MINISTERIAL BRETHREN PREACHED ABOUT LAST SUNDAY.

The Rev. H. C. Mason of the University Congregational Church spoke in the morning on "Life Investments." In the evening on "The Greatest Loss and the Greatest Need."

The Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith, of Pilgrim Church had as

topics: "The Reproach of the Protestant Church," and "He That Overcometh."

Dr. Van Horn, of Plymouth, spoke in the morning on "How Christ Came to the Anglo-Saxon Race. In the evening on "The Old, Old Story and Modern Criticism—Angel Songs and Virgin Birth are Alike Scientifically Incredible."

The Rev. E. T. Dunstan, of the West Seattle Church, spoke Sunday morning on the "World's Debt to Mary Baker Eddy," and in the evening on "Quo Vadis"—the third address on "Books Read By Millions."

Dr. Temple had in the Edgewater Church the topics: "God's Candle,' and "Eyes Opened."

The Rev. Wilfred Withington, of the Keystone Congregational Church, spoke on "The Experience of Unity," and "Suffrage and Motherhood."

At the Prospect Church the Rev. R. S. Osgood had as topics, "A Fruit Bearing Church," and "Testing."

In the Fairmont Church, the Rev. C. R. Gale gave the fourth sermon in a series on the Lord's Prayer—"Our Daily Bread."

Dr. Strong, of Queen Anne Church, gave in the evening as a prelude an estimate of Mrs. Eddy, and an illustrated lecture "In The Land of Christ."

The Pacific hadn't any sermon tasters around at these different services, therefore we do not know how much of the gospel was preached in the Congregational churches of Seattle last Sunday. But in the hands of wise and skillful workmen a great deal of the gospel could be gotten into any of the topics here given, and inasmuch as Seattle has wise and skillful Congregational preachers, we shall believe that the gospel was preached there widely last Sunday.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Prof. and Mrs. C. S. Nash went East last week, the former to attend a National Council committee meeting in Chicago, the latter to spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a fine talk by the Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda, on Nevada. It was optimistic—showing that Nevada is coming into the atmosphere of better citizenship than has characterized some parts of the state in the past. Quite significant isn't it that a member of the legislature should write and ask the prayers of his former pastor for his guidance aright in the discharge of his duties as a legislator? Nevada has many citizens with as fine character as can be found anywhere on the continent. At the meeting of the ministers next Monday the address will be by the Rev. B. M. Palmer.

In the weekly bulletin of Park Congregational Church, San Francisco, under the caption of "Things We are Aiming At," we notice these among other things: "Every member a soul-winner." "Every member a Bible student." "A proper meeting place for the Boys' Club—$2,500." Recently several members of Park Church went to Mayflower Church to a dinner prepared entirely by the young men. The next Sunday the comment in the weekly bulletin was "This little church is very much alive and progressing well under the wise and active leadership of Rev. N. C. Gause." We let that stand just as the loving heart of a brother pastor dictated it, but frame to go alongside of it: Park Church is very much alive and progressing well under the wise and active leadership of the Rev. C. C. Champlin.

Forefathers' Day is to be celebrated in San Francisco by a joint meeting of the Bay and San Francisco Associations. The meeting will be in Plymouth Church next Tuesday. The Association will meet in business sessions at five o'clock and dinner will be served at 6:30. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance at the dinner at which time addresses appropriate to the occasion will be made by the Rev. Dr. Kloss and the Rev. A. W. Palmer. The invitation is to both ladies and gentlemen, and the aim will be to get a representative attendance and make this the best time of Congregational fellowship hereabout for many years. Persons wishing to be at the dinner are asked to give their names to their pastors as early as Sunday if possible so that report can be made to the committee. Churches will elect delegates as usual to the business meetings, but the invitation is to all who wish to attend and pay the charge for the turkey dinner, which will be one dollar a person. Let us have an old time fellowship meeting and start a movement for the organization of a new Congregational Club, so planned as to make it possible for a large number to have membership therein.

With the title, "The Innkeeper of Bethlehem," the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach sends forth a charming little Christmas story. In it we read of one who in that ancient time turned from his door two peasant travelers who craved shelter beneath his roof one wintry night. Selfishly and somewhat angrily he refused the man and the woman lodging. A little later he, along with others, was led by the angel messengers and the guiding star, to the Bethlehem manger and was filled with fear and trembling as the question came to him, "What if this were indeed the Christ?" The years went on, however, and the impression and thoughts of that night grew dim. The selfish life still claimed the man. Finally, on that day, when the cross was raised on Calvary, no longer doubting, he fell on his face crying, "Thou art the Christ, the Savior of the world!" In that hour his past life, with its hardness and sin and brutality, fell from him like some old moth-eaten garment and his heart became as the heart of a little child. Returning to Bethlehem he purchased the old inn and dwelt there a long time, ministering of his wealth to the poor and needy even as the Christ had given commandment. But ever was there regret. "Had I not turned the poor from my door that night, the upper room of my inn might be the holiest spot in the world, filled for me with sweet remembrance in place of remorseful memories. And so regret must ever mingle with my prayers, and ever will echo in my heart the words I spake that night so long ago —'No room, no room!'" The book is beautiufily bound and may be had from Fowler Brothers, Los Angeles, for 50 cents, postpaid.

The last sermon given by Charles R. Brown in the First Congregational Church of Oakland has been printed in pamphlet form by Wood & Cowdrey of 876 Broadway, Oakland, and may be had of them by mail for twelve cents. It was on the same text on which Mr. Brown preached his first sermon fourteen years ago. The Subject was "The Mountain and the Plain." Text: "The Lord our God spoke unto us in Horeb, saying, ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain." We quote a paragraph or two: "How true to

life it all is! When any system of duty has become so easy as to give us an assured feeling of being equal to the demand then the Divine Voice will call us out into a more exacting situation where struggle is needed. When a child has learned one set of exercises upon the piano and can play them with ready facility, then the teacher prescribes a new and more difficult exercise. When any man has learned to meet what he regards as his moral obligations with assured success, then the Lord speedily summons him in to a larger place by raising his standards, widening his sphere of responsibility and making plain the more searching demands of a serviceable life. And if moral indifference has not made you deaf you will detect that same voice from the unseen saying to you, "You have dwelt long enough in the snug security and prevailing content of that narrow life—turn you and go forth upon that plain of effort where all that is within you will be compelled to strive.' Many a Moses and many a method does its appointed work and then stands aside to make room for a man or a method better suited to the needs of the situation. Moses, the man of vision, and then Joshua, the soldier! David, the King of Israel, and then Isaiah, prophet of the Most High! John, the beloved disciple of the inner life, and then Paul, the sturdy missionary of the cross! Jonathan Edwards, making righteousness so august and sin so terrible that strong men trembled, and then Henry Ward Beecher, urging sympathetically the more winsome aspects of the gospel until men's hearts were melted and they became as little children entering into the Kingdom of God."

CHURCH BUILDING.

Twenty-four churches within the Pacific District are before the Board, asking for $62,400. This is far more than we can raise among ourselves, but shall we not do our part, which, as suggested by the National Committee, is $12,475. Already a goodly number of churches have responded—some sending their full apportionment; others are promising to co-operate on a Sunday soon. In a letter just at hand, a worthy pastor says, " I have announced our annual offering next Sunday morning, at which time I hope to get the amount apportioned." If all will thus loyally do their best, the Pacific District will provide its share, and many churches in the struggle to build will be made glad.

The fiscal year will close with December, final report to issue December 27th. Will not churches with installments due, kindly have remittances here by that time, and churches not yet contributing join with the others in advancing this good cause. Literature, envelopes, etc., will upon request be sent by the undersigned, to whom kindly forward all money intended for C. C. B. S.

H. H. WIKOFF,
816, Mechanics Bank Bldg., San Francisco.

WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING.

Mrs. C. A. Kofoid.

The meeting of the Northern Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific on Thursday, December 8, in the First Congregational church of Berkeley, was its second gathering since its formation. Auxiliary societies about the Bay were well represented and the spirit of fellowship and the genuine hospitality of the entertaining church made it a very pleasant occasion. It might have been called a day of reports. At first there were the business reports of the Branch's own officials. The points here to be emphasized were the treasurer's statements of receipts for the half year, June to December, which amounted to $2,701.44, and the facts brought out by the foreign secretary, Mrs. Hinman, of special needs in the regions for which our Board is responsible: in Broosa, Turkey, the need of a new building—an emergency need, caused by the washing out of the girls' building and its necessary abandonment; in Foochow, China, the need was for workers to fill positions long vacant, to carry on work at present discontinued; the third request, from Dr. Tallman of China, for our prayers, is surely a need for all the fields.

Following these business reports came a series of five reports on the Boston meetings. These reports were of necessity brief and emphasized the chief impression of each speaker. Mrs. Rathbone spoke of the impression of Boston itself on one visiting it for the first time and gave an outline of Dr. Jefferson's inspiring address. Mrs. Tenney described features of our Congregational House, headquarters of our Congregational interests and reported the help received from the address of Rev. Mr. Fitch on spiritual power. Rev. Miles Fisher reported the pleasure and inspiration received in meeting the heads of his own department of work and the emphasis laid in its gatherings on religious education, both for ministers and Sunday-school teachers, the aim being to make each a thorough specialist in his respective line of work. Rev. Mr. Hinman was impressed by the great general interest in the themes of missions and social service. Pilgrimages, exhibits and missionaries themselves increasing this interest. Dr. Tenney brought financal impressions, the $1,000 of a century ago contrasting with the ten million of all the country's missionary societies of today. He cheered and encouraged by the report that our Pacific Coast had made the largest gain of any part of the country in its giving and also in all particulars of denominational statistics.

Rev. A. W. Palmer led the devotions of the afternoon session, drawing a lesson from the book of Jonah for our day in its attitude toward its Ninevehs. Mrs. Cherington, president of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, continued the report on the Boston meeting. Mrs. Cherington was there as the Board's representative and made it clear that her first concern was that of a learner gathering everything possible by interviews, written and spoken word to make the work of this coast more efficient. One felt that the help from that experience would become apparent in the work of the Board for a long time to come.

After a song by Mrs. J. S. Mills, the last report of the day was given by Mrs. Renwick, secretary of the Southern Branch, on the Edinburgh Conference. Mrs. Renwick was a official delegate and apparently a tireless one, who got right at the heart of that great conference. Her report was a series of vivid pictures. We saw the mound and the statue of John Knox and we seemed to get the very personal quality of the "Woman from the Congo,", our own Robert E. Speer and John R. Mott. We heard Lord Balfour. We were carried off our feet by a certain eloquent Chinaman, who proved himself a master of oratory and statesmanship in a seven minutes' address. The array of bishops impressed us and His Grace of Canterbury completely won our hearts by his moving expressions of his sense of fellowship with all Christian workers.

To sum up the day one felt that a vital touch had been given with the great national and international manifestations of the currents of religious thought.

"Well, has your college daughter decided upon her career?"

"Yes; he has blue eyes, brown hair and works in a hardware store."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN INSTALLING COUNCIL AT SACRAMENTO.

As Rev. Arthur B. Patten came from the state of Maine, and as the Sacramento church represents a New England graft on a California tree, it was fitting that he should enter upon his pastorate by the honored service of installation. All the churches composing the Sacramento Valley Association were invited and in addition Revs. L. D. Rathbone, W. H. Scudder, and C. E. Wingate, a layman from Santa Rosa. With a single exception, all responded at roll call.

Rev. C. C. Cragin of Lincoln was elected moderator, and Rev. W. E. Eckles of Loomis, scribe. After examining the papers of the candidate and pronouncing them satisfactory, the candidate read a statement of belief, which for simplicity, comprehensiveness, breadth of spirit, was unanimously accepted as beyond criticism. It was privately suggested that the council request the paper for publication in order that churches may know what Congregationalists believe.

The evening program, as presented by a committee of the church, approved by the council, was as follows:

Invocation, Rev. B. F. Sargent. Scripture reading, Rev. R. S. Douglas; Installing prayer, Rev. C. C. Cragin; Right-hand of Fellowship, Rev. J. Sims; Charge to Pastor, Deacon C. E. Wingate; Address to the People, Rev. W. H. Scudder; Address of Welcome, Rev. F. K. Baker.

It was certainly appropriate that Rev. Josiah Sims, for 37 years a pastor in the Association should give the "right-hand of fellowship," and that Rev. W. H. Scudder, who has often supplied the pulpit, should give the charge to the church.

The sermon by Rev. R. D. Douglas of Oroville was up to a high mark of eloquence, and especially fitted to the occasion in its searching analysis of the preaching that transforms lives.

But it remained for a layman, Mr. C. E. Wingate, of Santa Rosa, Mr. Patten's former church, to carry off the honors of the occasion in his "charge to the pastor," as in a manner both humorous and pathetic he charged his former pastor to do for his present church what he had done for his former one.

The council adjourned with the feeling that a new day was dawning for the Sacramento church and that the mantle of its earliest pastor had fallen upon its present pastor who seemed so well equipped as a leader of men.

It is fitting that a word should be said of the hospitality of the Sacramento church. All delegates were met at the church door and surrounded with kindness till they left the city. And after reaching home a letter of inquiry as to the expense incurred was sent to each delegate. We commend this act to all churches calling councils.

B. F. S

ENTERED INTO LIFE.

From Santa Rosa, Cal., December 5, 1910, Emma Topping, beloved wife of M. W. Elmore and mother of seven children, all but one of whom have grown to maturity, and still remain to emulate her virtues and cherish her dear memory.

"IF LOVE WERE ALWAYS LAUGHTER."

If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears,
With nothing to come after
To mark the waiting years,
I'd pray a life of love to you,
Sent down from heaven above to you,
And never grief come near to you,
To spread its shadow, dear, to you,
If love were always laughter
And grief were always tears.

But grief brings often laughter,
And love, ah, love brings tears!
And both leave ever after
Their blessings on the years;
So I, dear heart, would sue for you,
A mingling of the two for you,
That grief may lend its calm to you,
And love may send its balm to you—
For grief brings often laughter
And love brings often tears.

—Annie Johnston Crim, in December Century.

The Home.

ALL DONE.

Everything's been 'tended to;
Don't seem nothin' left to do;
Everything that people know
Was discovered years ago.
Old-time poets wrote the best;
Old-time painters beat the rest;
An' the speeches made today
Are but second-class, they say.
'Course, we've been inventin' things,
But invention simply brings
Work and worry of all kinds.
'Thout improvin' people's minds.
Ain't it lucky to be here
In this modern atmosphere,
Where there's nothin' much to do,
'Cause it's all been 'tended to?

—Louisville Herald.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS.

"Among the formative influences of my life I count the hospitality of my parents," said a noted man, recently.

"Our home was always open. It was literally true that no one was turned from our door. The pack-peddler found a bed in our attic and a seat beside the fire, and as a boy I listened with wonder to his tales of trade and travel, and they seem to me now to have been of more value than much that I learned from books. We housed poor forlorn creatures with never a fear of burglary, and although we children were sometimes impatient at the kinds of people whom our home sheltered, we were educated by it in our sympathies, and sometimes rewarded in ways unlooked for.

"I cannot pretend that it was always so. Most of those who accepted our hospitality passed on, and we never heard from them again, or they returned to ask other favors, and were not always grateful. We were imposed upon at times,

but never suffered any serious loss, and we had great gain in what we children learned of practical charity and human sympathy.

"I remember book agents and peddlers who stayed with us, and father often bought their wares. I remember one poet who certainly was so born, for nothing had ever happened to make him a poet, who sold his own verses in paper covers, and recited them to us by the fire. Crude enough they were, but he put his heart into them, and they were saved from being ridiculous by his earnestness, and we enjoyed them.

"But besides these we entertained ministers and missionaries of every sort. We had far more than our share, because many homes disliked the trouble of entertaining them, and mother was always ready.

"I will not pretend that all these men brought to the home distinct contributions of lasting good; but the aggregate of their influence was stimulating, wholesome and permanent.

"To one of these, a returned missionary, who had published a little book of his own travels, I owe much of my love for reading about lands I have never visited; to another I owe my interest in geology, for he found 'sermons in stones,' and preached one of them to me, and made me eager to know what afterward, at his suggestion, I found in Hugh Miller's books.

"Another who had worked his own way through college, answered my question as to the minimum amount of money that would take an ambitious boy through the four years of a college course by saying, 'If you are in dead earnest you can go to college without one red cent, and get through.' I never forgot it, and I came very near to proving it true in the four years of hard work which finally brought me my diploma."

Much more than this he said, looking back through the years at the influences that had blessed the modest home of his boyhood. Hard work, a good constitution, faith in God, and a firm belief that hospitality should be given without grudging, these had been his inheritance.

There are signs that hospitality is not so common as once it was among religious people. The summer pulpit supply is entertained at a hotel or with personal friends, and not, as formerly, sent to homes. Religious conventions depend less upon free entertainment and more upon the hotels. This change has its desirable features; but it needs to be remembered that many have entertained angels unawares. Well to the front among the incidental virtues of religion is the use of hospitality without grudging.—Youth's Companion.

THE DUTY OF FORGETTING.

It is nearly as important to forget as it is to remember. The apostle says, "Forgetting the things which are behind." May we forget? Yes, but as it requires an effort to remember so it requires an honest effort to forget. We should dismiss from the mind all the vile things which have found a lodgement there. Open the cage and let the unclean birds fly away. But they will not go. Then give the cage away. Turn over the memory to the Lord Jesus, let Him have His way, and He will make a clean sweep. Let the stronger man in and he will bind the strong man and cast him out. One may have his mind so full of Christ and His love and life that base things will take their departure.

We must not overstate a matter. The truth may suffer from exaggeration. Let us not claim more than the facts will warrant. But we may be well assured that our Lord can so charm any soul with His beauty and loveliness that all vile things will lose their hold. We all know that a man can easily forget one pleasure when he is introduced to another which is sweeter. You can forget one companion when you become thoroughly acquainted with another who fills your heart and mind. So we can forget the leeks and onions of Egypt when we have tasted the milk and honey of Canaan. Cast out the vile by making way for the pure.

Forget injuries. Forget the faults of neighbors and the injustice they have inflicted on you. Forget old grudges and strifes. This is a national obligation. There is a national as well as an individual memory. Writing history is a means of perpetuating the memory of the fathers and their patriotic and heroic deeds. By monuments and statues we seek to hand down to future generations and keep fresh in our own minds the lives and names of men who have done something for their generation. But it is a national duty to forget also.

In almost every war there is a favorite war cry. The war cry, "Remember the Maine," is still fresh in mind. Whatever good purpose that cry may have served at one time, awakening enthusiasm and patriotism, it is quite certain that this sort of remembering may be over done. Some people would continue to remember the Maine too long. It is well to forget the Maine. Our country will do well to forget the strife between the States which raged fifty years ago. He is no true friend of his country who will fan the flames of hate.

ABOUT BEING AGREEABLE.

Amid the making of many rules whereby the youthful feminine member of the human race may learn to be agreeable there seem few so much to the point as are enunciated in the Ladies' Home Journal, under cover of such a raking fire of criticism as the ubiquitous jeune fille of our society rarely has had before. That our girls are not well-mannered, gentle-spoken, considerate of their elders—all these things are put plainly, and one must admit them to be criticisms well taken. Then the remedy for some of these glaring girlish faults—faults which too often prevail in later life with a vengeance upon their possessor as well as others—the remedy, be it remarked, is offered. The young student of the art of how to be charming though selfish is advised to take some woman of unquestioned charm and study her. This is to be done not with the idea of copying her, but of finding out the secret of her rightness and harmony. The careful observer will in time discover that there are two rules which this mold of good form implicitly obeys. And these two rules run thus:

The first rule is, Think about others, not about yourself. And the second is the same.

The first rule means think about others in the sense of being considerate of them, and the second means just think about them. If you want a magic key to unlock for you the door to popularity, to happiness, to being interested and interesting, seize upon those six simple words and pin your faith to them: "Think about others, not about yourself." Just watch yourself for a while and see how constantly one subject absorbs your thoughts. And that subject is Yourself!—your clothes, your appearance, your feelings, your likes, your tight shoes, your invitation to the football game—or your failure to receive one.

It is hard to prevent one's mind keeping open house on the subject of one's self. I know girls whose minds are never open to anything else. And the funny part of it is some of these girls wonder why they are not more popular.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

We are forever contrasting ourselves with our grandmothers, to the decided discredit of those worthy women. The modern girl, who is bigger in stature, bigger in appetite, more athletic, more independent, than her despised forbears, regards herself as a vastly superior being, and them as poor, downtrodden creatures. But there is one thing very certain, and that is that modern women do not understand as well as those of a former generation how to be happy, though married. We have proofs of this every day. Sir Francis Jeune is always busy; in novels and in plays marital happiness is sneered at, and do we not not see that some of the young wives of today find it more difficult to live harmoniously with their husbands than their mothers have before them? Obviously the fault cannot lie entirely with the men, because we admit that, as a rule, they show women more consideration nowadays than in the old time before them; and women, moreover, not only ask for their own way, but see that they get it. Clearly then, they themselves are responsible for the marital difficulties of these latter days. The truth of it is that the fault of the modern wife is that of the Dutch. She gives—or rather gives in—too little, and asks too much. She wants everything and makes no concession. In every respect she is much more exacting than the helpmate of former generations. Whatever be her social position, she expects to start and maintain a much more extensive establishment than the minds of her predecessors of equal standing would have conceived, and certainly in all respects, the modern woman is far more extravagant in her tastes. That incessant craving for pleasure, too, which is one of her marked characteristics, makes for matrimonial happiness neither in aristocracy or in middle class circles. Home life, indeed, whatever we may say, or however we may try to persuade ourselves to the contrary, has lost its savor these days, and this being so, what wonder is it that marriage is so frequently described a failure. The remedy lies in the hands of women, but it will be one of no effect until they realize that there is more than one person to be considered in married life. One loathes the word partnership in connection with marriage, and yet it is indisputable that if some of the common fairness and honesty of partnership entered into the relation, it would be far better for both husband and wife.—Lady's Pictorial.

Note.—The foregoing article was not carefully read before it was handed to the printers. The Pacific thinks some of its criticisms without good foundations, and would not use it were it not for the fact that we had nothing in type to take its place and the paper must go to press.

Our Young People

"GIVE-ME-A-JOB" BOY A WINNER.

"I want a job."

The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction.

"But I haven't any position that you could possibly fill, and right now I'm so driven that—"

"I want a job," interrupted the boy with an odd smile that didn't detract from the serious determination of his general expression. "And I'm willing to work for you for six months without a cent of pay."

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. "But—"

The boy was looking for that "but," and caught it on the fly.

"You see it's this way, sir," he interrupted, "I've just finished at the manual training school, and I've made up my mind that electric lighting's the thing for me and that I'm going to get started in it. It's got a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk opened with another, "But—"

He didn't get an inch beyond that depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with—

"I'll work for nothing, and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your pay roll. You've got a good plant, sir, and I can see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It's the best business to get into in the world, and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

"But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant, "although I'm bound to say that I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track—and—"

You just give me the job, sir," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help out. There's always work around a plant like yours that a boy who's had a little technical training can find to do—work that needs to be done. Here's some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me—"

"Look here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk. "You certainly do want a job. And you're going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke I knew you reminded me of somebody, but I couldn't think who. Now I know. When I was a boy, we had a dog that used to go off into the woods and hunt coons all by himself. If he treed his coon he'd start to gnaw the tree down and keep at till somebody hunted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a sort of family resemblance to that dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

When a fortnight later he called at the plant the foreman remarked:

"Say—that boy you sent out here's the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as if he was drawing your profits or my salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own car fare.

"Why his aunt died the other day, and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly stuck on his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job.

"A little testing department would save you money," said the boy, "and it wouldn't cost much either. You

buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it isn't up to standard. They're working considerable off on you."

"How much will it cost," asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it already, waiting for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a neat sum of money.

The day that the boy's period of gratuitous service was up he appeared again at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up, sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer, "and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been showing me."

And it did. That wasn't so long ago. That electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since; but the boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he was the one man who couldn't be spared. They saw that he knew the business as well as he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and today he could buy out the man who gave him his first job—buy him out several times over! He is the head of a big electric lighting corporation and gets a salary of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year, besides profits in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game today as that boy played it will win out. You couldn't keep him down if you buried him under the dead-weight of a skyscraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept a position—and always will be! But when it comes to boys who go out and beat the bushes for a job—just a plain job in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—they're so scarce that they're in danger of being captured for exhibition purposes in museums.

Nothing can stand against a boy of this kind. The give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs to others sooner or later. And generally its sooner.—Chicago Tribune.

THE EVERYDAYNESS OF MOTHERS.

"Peggy?" Mother's voice had an anxious upward inflection. "You're dusting very carefully, aren't you, dear?"

"'Each minute and unseen part,'" responded Peggy, digging into the convolutions of an old-fashioned carved rose with the corner of her dust cloth.

"For the Gays see everywhere," added mother, innocently capping Peggy's quotation.

"How many times a year do you have to polish these little dust catchers?" queried Peggy, after a sober minute or two. "And—and all the other things we've been doing this morning?"

"It all has to be—ought to be—done every day," said mother with a little sigh dedicated to all the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and the extra one for leap year.

"Done every day!" echoed Peggy, her eyes round with horror, or something comically like it. "Done every day," she repeated, as if the thought were too big for her; and instead of "taking it in," she could only hold it off at arms' length and look at it. "And you mean to tell me you've done it—O yes, you have! I know you. You always do what you ought to. Well, mother, all I've got to say is that I've found out at last what I ought to be grateful to you for, and 't'sn't the great big things—the birthday parties and the Christmas stockings and the new dresses and the times of taking care of me when I was sick, and all those. That's what I always thought of when I set apart a day of thanksgiving, or fasting, to be sorry and thankful in—the big th'ngs that make a show. And I am, mother, of course I am. But I tell you now, solemn and true, that they aren't the biggest things. It's the everydayness of the care that you mothers and fathers give us that we ought to be thankful for and love you for and hug you for and be everlastingly grateful for—so there. Done every day! You miserable old carved rose, you! You've taught me one good lesson."

"Why, Peggy!" ejaculated mother, laughing and shining-eyed under her tousled sweeping cap. "I'm not used to being k'ssed in so many spots."

"You'll have to get used to it," said Peggy, nodding her head emphatically. "It's something that has to be 'done every day,' like all the rest of it."

TO MOTHER—OUT OF TOWN.

It makes me feel queerly
  To write you this letter tonight,
When it seems, or it seems pretty nearly,
  That you're somewhere around out of sight.
I can hardly believe you're not sitting
  Upstairs (though I know you're not),
Just doing your mending or knitting.
  I miss you a lot.

I wish I had some news to tell you.
  I'm not do'ng much that is sport.
I'm getting my lessons so well you
  Will smile when you see my report.
I've had a bad cold, but I'm better.
  I wasn't to tell, I forgot.
Please write me a very long letter.
  I miss you a lot.

We're getting along nicely without you.
  Do you think you are coming home soon?
Your friends all keep asking about you.
  The cook burned the pudding at noon.
And Saturday night our dog Fido
  Got pretty well beaten by Spot.
He mopes in the house just as I do.
  I miss you a lot.

Last week Billy Evans' father
  Came home and brought him a gun.
I think if 'twas me I would rather
  Have skates, for I think they're more fun.
The kisses will count up to thirty
  If you reckon a k'ss for each blot.
Heaps of love from your little son, Bertie.

MILLS COLLEGE.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast.

Eastern Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, art and library study. Well-equipped science laboratories and gymnasium. Special attention given to health of students. Provision for outdoor life and sports. Courses so arranged that new college students may enter second semester, opening January 11, 1911.

For Catalogue, address President Luella Clay Carson, LL.D., Mills College P. O., California.

"OUR TOTAL CHRISTIANITY"

—By—

REV. CHARLES R. BROWN

Pastor First Congregational Church

Oakland, California

Price 30 cents.

Single sermons, pamphlet form, uniform size, 12 each by mail.

A limited number of Rev. C. R. Brown's best sermons can be had from

WOOD & COWDREY

Publishers and Agents

876 Broadway, - - Oakland, Cal.

Price List Sent Upon Request

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

—Located at—

Berkeley, Seat of the University of California.

Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Year opens August 23, 1910. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association

Accredited by State Board of Education.

The 19th year begins in July and the Kindergarten reopens this year, July 25.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.

Address: 1617 California St., Room 7, San Francisco, Cal.

PULPIT SUPPLY.

Temporary or Permanent.

REV. WM. H. SCUDDER,

R. F. D. Box. 5 Petaluma, Cal.

Phone Petaluma 231J

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

—Dealers in—

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.

242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

POMONA COLLEGE

Claremont, Cal.

JAMES A. BLAISDELL, D.D., President

A Christian College for young men and women. Courses leading to the degree of B. A. or B. S.

Schools of Music and of Art.

For catalogue, etc., address,

Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Lakin. From Ferry take Sacramento St. cars.

Mexico

CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAYS
EXCURSION

Persnally conducte d
from San Francisco
DECEMBER 14th, 1910.

ROUND
TRIP **$80.00.**

Vestibuled sleeping cars,
Parlor, Observation and Dining Cars.
Go via SOUTHERN PACIFIC and
NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO.
Choice of routes on return trip, via
SANTA FE or direct via SOUTHERN
PACIFIC. Side trip to Grand Canyon if
desired, $6.50 additional.
For details see agents
SOUTHERN PACIFIC,
Flood Building,
Palace Hotel,
Market Street Ferry Depot,
Third and Townsend Sts. Depot,
Broadway and 13th St., Oakland.
SANTA FE, 673 Market Street,
NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO.
Monadnock Building.